



# EAA602 Log Book

Adirondack Chapter Newsletter

March 2011

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## From The Presidents Desk

*by Tim Devine*

After three month's of snow storms, shoveling, high winds and generally poor flying weather, I don't know about you, but I am ready for Spring. Even for us dedicated ski flyers its been a tough Winter. Some people have not even been able to get out due to snow piles in front of hangers or snow to deep for skis on runways. Others have had to sweat getting snow off hanger roofs after witnessing the aftermath of the disaster over at Cambridge.

The good news is that as you read this we are at the end of February and the first day of Spring isn't far away. Already we are seeing signs of the approaching change of seasons. The days are definitely getting longer. The sun is riding higher in the sky each day as it makes it's East to West trek melting just a tiny bit of snow as it passes. The snow banks are not quite so high and the wind doesn't cut so sharp across your face. I know that March can be the cruelest month, tempting us with 60 degree days and then slapping us back with freezing temperatures and maybe one last big snow storm. But soon April will be upon us along with the mud, bugs and windy days all harbingers of the new flying season to come.

This year will be interesting. Chris brown must be chomping at the bit to get flying after finishing his Chief last Fall. Artie guarantees' that the Champ Hybrid will fly this year. The Murphy's are moving forward with the restoration of the Husky that Mark bought at auction, and Gary Collins (if you can get him away from the wood stove) is making progress on his experimental Champ. John Peck's RV was in for paint last Fall so I have to believe that



test flights will start as soon as the weather breaks. Fred's Champ paper work should be straightened out by the time the snow melts so he will need to get comfortable in the front seat. Larry's looking for something with 200ft take off capabilities, so I'm thinking Fred's Cub with a JATO bottle might be

just the ticket. Chris Johnson needs to find the time to get his Champ done. Pat will complete his PP requirements soon and get the much needed check ride out of the way. I'm sure that I have missed some people and airplanes, but it sure sounds like a full year of aviation to me.

This month's meeting will be at Artie's shop on Galway road. Artie has a Continental A-65 engine that he has been working on and he will be demonstrating some reassembly techniques as he starts to put the engine back together.

Also come to celebrate! After 10 month's of searching I am once again employed. I want to extend a heartfelt thanks to all those who offered moral support, advice and help through a very difficult time.

With that in mind, I will be looking for people to step up and help with more of the chapter organizational stuff this year. My new job will have me traveling some and I won't have as much free time as I did last year. Some people have already volunteered to co chair events but the more the merrier! We are looking for fresh ideas to grow the chapter and it's activities.

Things that you need to come prepared to discuss at this month's meeting are as follows.

- Finalize this year's event schedule.
- Club House survey
- Young Eagles trailer project/ demo plane.

*See you there! Tim D.*



## JPs' Flight to Geneseo (D52) 2010

by John Pashley

"We're going to an airshow"! Those words were uttered by John Peck as his Arrow lifted off runway 28 at Fulton County airport in a light rain and headed towards Geneseo (D52) for the museum's "Greatest Show on Turf" on Saturday. John Pashley, looking out the raindrop splattered window of the Arrow at the different layers of clouds, was quietly thinking, as a non-IFR pilot, "I sure hope so". During the climb out the rain stopped and the Arrow settled into mostly clear air at 6,000 feet between cloud layers. The ride was smooth. As John Peck worked his IFR magic, it became apparent that there would be no "hard" IFR flying since conditions were to improve with westward progress. Both JPs bemoan the fact that, unfortunately, the weather at "home" is just bad enough to keep the mass fly-out of 602 members from happening even a day later than planned.

The flight westward continued with glimpses of the ground through the clouds and handoffs from ATC. As views of the ground became more and more frequent by the time the area of Hamilton, NY (VGC) was reached, John P, the PIC, decided to text the Murphys about the weather conditions, since they were trying to get the Texan, Varga and P51 "Never Miss" to the airshow. John P, in the right seat, learned that texting on a cell phone works well in an airplane when at 6,000 feet, as opposed to talking, because the message is sent so rapidly in a burst that multiple cell towers don't get involved, which otherwise leads to the signal getting lost. CFIs can't help but teach. There were a few "blasts" through some puffy white clouds as the IFR magic continued but conditions were becoming VFR and probably were VFR at lower altitudes as the flight approached the first of the Finger Lakes. In a short amount of time the sky began to clear and the Finger Lakes began passing below one by one. A text from Mark Murphy informed that the Texan and Varga were on their way. Almost suddenly, as the largest of the Finger Lakes had just passed underneath, it was a different day; the sky was blue

and the ground was green. Yes, we were going to an airshow and the weather at Geneseo looked great. Of course it was July, so the weather that looked great at 6,000 feet with an OAT of 60 degrees F was going to be a tad warmer, some would say hot, on the ground. However, the front that moved across the state with the ensuing storms that dashed 602's hope for a mass fly-out on Friday had greatly lessened the unbearable hot, hazy and humid weather of the preceding several days. More chit chat with ATC and the Arrow began squawking 1200 while JP and JP looked for D52 in the distance.

The radio came alive with calls and even the ol' pro JP was introduced to some new phraseology, perhaps found in the Canadian FAR/AIM. "9 miles back" was the call of an aircraft approaching Geneseo that first got the attention of the JPs. It was agreed that 9 miles out seemed to be the correct translation but "9 miles back to WHERE" soon echoed in the Arrow. A few more calls and then "maneuvering into the circuit" was heard loud and clear and a quick



translation was made to "entering the traffic pattern". However, the word, "where", was still echoing in the cockpit. The foreign phraseology soon gave way to more familiar verbal exchanges as pilots tried to ascertain and communicate their position around the field; one of the somewhat more amusing radio calls being, "that red plane looks yellow to me" coming from the pilot of a C47. Now it is our turn in the circuit, ah pattern, for runway 23 and soon after JP puts down his video camera on final, so as not to make JP at the controls nervous, the smoothest touchdown in unrecorded history is made onto the turf.

Now on the ground, a chance overhearing of a conversation by the pilot of the C47 that was in front of us in the pattern explains why "that red plane looks yellow to me". Self-announcing positions had apparently led to people placing a red plane in front of the C47, however, a yellow plane had squeezed itself in front of the C47. In the words of the C47 pilot about the yellow plane, "I don't know where it came from. All of a sudden there it was right in front



of me.” The reason for the C47 pilot’s consternation and the confusion regarding pattern positions became apparent to the JPs when taxiing out after the show.

It was a hot day, especially in a cockpit, so the Arrow was fired up for the return trip with hope of a quick taxi to runway 5. Aircraft merged where two temporary taxiways converged about 100 feet back from the runway and while there was some jockeying for position, aircraft were moving up to the runway at a steady pace. Use of the full length of runway 5 requires aircraft to back taxi and the air boss was asking pilots if they wanted to start from the intersection of the runway and taxiway or use the entire runway. Many were opting for the entire runway, so while the pace was steady, it wasn’t speedy. But all things considered, a quick and not too sweaty departure (relative to temperature not JP’s takeoff ability) seemed to be in order. Then a request from the air boss that would slow down the line of taxing aircraft that headed straight for the runway; the one the Arrow and three other planes in front are in. The request is to let a Mustang and the plane in front of it merge into line from the intersecting taxiway to the Arrow’s right. Response from the pilots in line with the Arrow is unanimous in honoring the request and soon the Mustang is moving up. An aircraft departs and another starts to back taxi. JP and JP discuss how the Mustang is probably burning more fuel taxing out than the Arrow will use for the trip back to NY0 and that it is a good idea to let it out as quickly as possible. However, the Mustang is still idling off to the Arrow’s right and there appears to be some holdup. The air boss has been letting those aircraft choosing to depart from the intersection of the runway and taxiway depart while another aircraft back taxied but now this speedy process has come to a halt as nothing is moving. The Mustang continues to sit and some chatter starts up on the frequency. There is some talk about maybe somebody up front doesn’t have a radio. Neither JP can see the front of the line; just the poor Mustang off to the right now burning more gas than the Arrow is going to use for today’s entire flight. So much for getting the Mustang out quickly is expressed in words that cross in the Arrow’s intercom almost simultaneously. Shortly thereafter the Mustang begins to move, tails up ahead begin to bob and the Arrow inches forward. Then into the view of JP and JP comes a yellow plane as it wanders around on the runway. The reason for the departure holdup is a yellow tail dragger without a radio. After some inexplicable maneuvers on the runway the yellow plane departs, the air boss returns to the frequency and the Mustang is finally going up in the air. Soon the Arrow is in the air and as JP in

the left seat continues an excellent takeoff, JP in the right seat looks down and sees the C47 parked on the ground while wondering if this time, the yellow plane is going to get shot down by a Mustang.

The ride back to NY0 is smooth and sunny as the Finger Lakes pass underneath once again. The voice of Graham Pritcher comes over the radio as he calls Finger Lakes Regional airport where he has planned a fuel stop. He doesn’t sound disappointed that his Chipmunk didn’t get to fly in the airshow. Start-up, shut-down; never got the word to leave his parking spot. Conversation in the Arrow goes from discussions about the term “banana pass” used by the airshow announcer, if “Roger That” could be someone’s name, whether or not the airshow announcer should have told the crowd that the pilot of a very nice P 51 couldn’t spot the airport on the way in and had to fly around looking for it (he was looking for a BIG airport) to whether or not the green dot over NY0 on the radar screen of JP’s GPS would still be there upon our arrival. The green dot became the focus of both JPs as the VFR flight progressed since it wasn’t moving. The green dot stayed stationary for most of the flight until it finally split into two dots, forming the sign for infinity with NY0 in the middle. But JP in the left seat didn’t want to take any chances and contacted Albany ATC as the looming clouds ahead came into view. Soon the flight was IFR and as JP in the left seat stared at the instruments for an IFR approach to runway 10, JP in the right seat observed that the wing tip out the left window was not visible while the ground could be seen out the right window. It was as if the weather conditions were tailored to each JP’s skill level. Stepping out of the Arrow into a light rain both JP’s agreed that flying had made the day enjoyable and the only disappointment was that all the chapter 602 members planning to fly to Geneseo were not able to go. Next summer, hopefully, everyone will be saying, “We’re going to an airshow”!

**Meeting This Month  
Will Be At:  
Arties Hanger  
Directions To Follow  
Feb. 28st @ 7:00 pm  
See You There  
Bring A Chair**



## Weather Reprieve

*by Tim Devine*

As I stood on the ice in front of Lanzi's on the Lake on Saturday afternoon February 19th, a 40 mph wind with gust to who knows what was whipping the freshly fallen snow into your face so hard that it stung. After a bout of 40 degree weather the past week the lake surface had refrozen nicely overnight to a smooth glare. The weather forecast wasn't promising, as it didn't look like the winds were going to abate enough for our second try for Lanzi's Ice Fly In 2011. Last weekends attempt was a bust as high winds and white outs were the rule of the day.

Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny, but a quick check of the Albany TAF weather still showed winds aloft at 270/19 G25. They did also however show winds decreasing as the day progressed. So with cabin fever raging and what I'm sure my wife would describe as a deranged look in my eyes, I headed for Johnson's to assess the situation.

At Johnson's the previous days wind had swept all the loose snow off the hard pack base so the runway was in great shape. The wind sock on top of the hanger stood out as straight as an arrow, but fortunately the wind was right down the runway. After calling and checking the weather one last time, I figured what the heck. I will take off fly a couple of circuits around the pattern and if I don't get the snot kicked out of me I will head up to Lanzi's.

After the winter prep, preflight, preheat ritual the Champ barked to life on the first spin of the prop and I quickly hopped into the cabin and buckled in. Once the oil temp reached an acceptable level and my CIGAR check was completed, I took one more look at the wind sock. It was still straight out, the go no go moment? Throttle full forward and hang on! The Champ leaps into the air and I am climbing like an elevator on steroids. Lots of stick and rudder to maintain control, but once I clear the trees and gain a few hundred feet things flatten out. Once free of the ground clutter stirring things up it's a steady headwind, but smooth.

I buzz Arties, but no one is stirring there yet. Kent is just getting set up at the ice shanty when I swing by there, so I will stop back. Tim C. and Chris Brown are already airborne in the Cherokee. Tim

C. is doing his best to confuse me with Sand Lake/Sand Island position calls, but I have flown with him long enough to know he's not that lost. Doug has already laid out the runway at Lanzi's and Tim C. and Chris are the first to land. Its so nice out that I decide to fly for a while and take a tour of the lake. By the time I get back to Lanzi's, Tom Flanagan has landed and Joel and Phylise are enroute and there is a Skylane over Lake George looking for directions to Lanzi's. Doc Smith is on his way over from Bennington so it looks like we will have a good turn out.

After a quick stop at Lanzi's, I head back to Johnson's to pick up some fuel. After topping off, my



next stop is the ice shanty. Kevin is just landing as I enter the down wind and I slip in behind him. Glare ice makes for some interesting ground handling but we both arrive safely. Kent's wife Brenda has a pot of excellent home made goulash on the stove and home made cookies and brownies to boot. While the ice shanty might not have the same ambiance as Lanzi's, there is nothing like a hot cup of goulash followed by cookies while enjoying a beautiful day outside doing what you love with friends.

Now its back to Lanzi's as I have promised to take Phylise up for her first ride in a tail dragger. I do a quick tail dragger flying techniques review and off we go! After gaining some altitude, I turn the AC over to her and she handles it with out a problem considering that she is flying from the back seat and this is her first time. I can't talk her into shooting a landing, so I handle the details and get us back on the ice.

To say the least it has been a long challenging Winter for flying, and we still have a ways to go. But, if we can get in a few more days like yesterday I can't wait.

*Fly safe, fly smart. Tim D.*

# Notes From Your Editor

*by Doug Sterling*



Welcome to the endless winter. Winter has hit with a vengeance at this juncture. As I type away in my nice warm house sitting next to my nice hot stove, I see a -6 on my outside thermometer. These roller coaster ride temperatures are driving me crazy. Last week we had temps of 55 and the lake looked ready for boating. Fortunately at the Ice fly in a few days ago we had seasonal temps just south of freezing with no wind. I guess we finally had to get lucky. It was good enough for, I think, 7 planes to show up with only 2 or 3 on skis (I had to leave a bit early as the grand kids were getting antsy to go snowmobiling so I'm not sure about the numbers). It was sure a beautiful day with virtually no wind and fairly smooth ice (at least it was smoother

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our web page in living color at:  
**[www.eaa602.org](http://www.eaa602.org)**

then the grass at Edinburg). The runway was set up early & distinctive so that most had no trouble finding it and landing safely (even though a certain fellow in a black & white Cherokee couldn't find it and almost ended up on the snowmobile race track). Watching the landings and takeoffs made me realize that we have some really great pilots in our chapter.

The meeting this month will be at Artie's Hanger. If you've never been there it's a real hoot. Tim D. is going to post directions on the web site (and e-mail) for the uninitiated on its whereabouts. It's not hard to find, and you will enjoy coming. Remember to bring a chair as the few Artie has are all but unusable because of paint and sealer and all kinds of gunk.

See you all there.

*Fly Safe, Doug*

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**GOD BLESS AMERICA**  
September 11, 2001  
We will never forget.

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**March 2011**